Receiue thy launce, and God defend the right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolke.
Herald Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Stands here, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray
A traitor to God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Herald 2 Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne.
Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the king hath throwen his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe,
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list
What with our counsell we haue done:
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deare bloud which it hath fostered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of cruell wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
And for we thinke the Egle-winged pride
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With riuall hating enuy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Draw the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzde vp with boistrous vntunde drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of harsh resounding armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,

And

And make vs wade euen in
Therefore we banish you
You cousin Hereford vpo
Til twice fiue summers ha
Shall not regreete our fair
But treade the stranger pat
Bul. Your will be done
That Sunne that warmes y
And those his golden bean
Shall point on me, and gui
King Norfolke, for thee
Which I with some vnwill
The slie slow houres shall
The dateles limite of thy
The hopeles word of neu
Breathe I against thee, vpo
Mowb. A heauy senten
And all vnlookt for from
A deerer merit not so deep
As to be cast forth in the c
Haue I deserued at your H
The language I haue learn
My native English now I n
And now my tongues vse i
Than an vnstringed viol
Or like a cunning instrume
Or being open, put into hi
That knowes no touch to t
Within my mouth you hau
Doubly portculist with my
And dull vnfeeling barren
Is made my Gaoler to atte
I am too olde to fawne vp
Too far in yeeres to be a pu
What is thy sentence but s
Which robbes my tongue
King It boots thee not